Obsessive

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by black_dranzer_1119

Summary

Prompt: Franklin thinks Hannibal owes him more 'service' for his fees.

Notes

This is my first attempt at a prompt from hannibalkink and the prompt was: 'Franklin thinks Hannibal owes him more 'service' for his fees. up to writer how consensual it is.' After seeing episode 8 I just had to write this.

It was one of ***those*** days. Will had, quite rudely, declined his invitation to dinner, citing that he desired to spend a night in with his dogs and Alana had been unavailable to come in his place. This was vexing as Hannibal had the meal all mapped out in his head and had taken the meat out of the freezer the day before to defrost, only now to find that he had too much. Anyone else would have just considered that it just would be leftovers, but the food was too delicate for that and in any case, he took pleasure in the creation of every meal and so he would sooner let it go to waste. So you can understand how... difficult it was to put up with Franklin on top of what he already had to deal with.

While initially making fairly promising progress in terms of his anxiety, Franklin had begun to turn his attention away from his recovery and towards Hannibal. While not unusual for patients to believe they desire or are even infatuated with their psychiatrist, Franklin had already begun to take steps to reach out to him beyond the scope of their sessions and Hannibal found that rude.

'You're not even listening to me are you?' Franklin said in that irritating voice of his.

'Of course I am Franklin,' Hannibal said, trying not to rub his head too noticeably. 'This is your time and you have my absolute and undivided attention.'

'No, I don't. You're thinking of that Will guy, aren't you?' Franklin said and Hannibal felt himself add ***another*** mental tally to the list of Franklin's transgressions. Unfortunately, it may look bad for him if his patient were to suddenly disappear around the time he was meant to be having a session with him. 'He's one of your patients too, isn't he? Yet you seem to have no problems having him as your friend.'

'Will is a colleague of mine and a friend, yes, but he is also irrelevant in terms of you gaining control back over yourself and your life,' Hannibal said in an attempt to bring the conversation back on topic. He would also have to find a way of alerting Will to the fact that they are being watched.

'Oh, and what does he have that I don't?' Franklin said, his voice pitching higher, his body lifting out of the chair as a way of gaining dominance over the conversation. 'He doesn't have the same hobbies, the way I do, he doesn't appreciate your taste in food or music the way I do, he takes no care in his appearance and his house is overrun by dogs.'

Currently, the thought of cutting out Franklin's tongue and forcing it down the man's own throat was keeping Hannibal occupied and relatively calm. He had thought about killing Franklin and eating him at one point or another during every session they had together, however he doubted he would be able to stomach it and the poor manner that Franklin cared for his body would make in unpalatable in any case.

'Franklin, I must say again, the relationship between Will and myself is of none of your concern,' Hannibal said, but his eyes tightened as he saw a shift in Franklin's posture and expression. He was working himself up to something, though Hannibal couldn't tell as to what.

'You know, I was going to work myself up to this, but you are kind of forcing my hand,' Franklin said his voice shaking as he stood up and reached for his coat and shrugged it off onto the chair and reached for his shirt buttons. 'You know as well as I do how perfect we would be together; besides, with how little attention you have been paying me lately, I think I deserve a little something extra, what do you think?'

'I am sorry that you are unsatisfied with the help I have been trying to give you, however, a refund is far more suitable in this situation,' Hannibal said, his patience being even more sorely tried as Franklin began to undo his buttons, as he continued to walk over.

'Don't be like that,' Franklin said in a way that Hannibal was sure he assumed was seductive and yet Hannibal counted it as one of the most repulsive sounds he had ever heard. 'You know you want it.'

'I can quite assure you that I do not ***want*** it,' Hannibal said quite firmly, the only reason he was still seated was so as to not appear that he was in any way returning the advances, even if it put him in weaker position, physically. Already Franklin had half of his buttons undone, revealing the hairy, sweaty mass of meat that the shirt had concealed.

When Franklin was about a step away, he stopped and leaned down. 'Now give me some sugar,' Franklin said and puckered his lips. In a flash of motion, Hannibal stood, and using the momentum, grabbed the correct points of Franklin's head and twisted until he felt the weight slump and dropped the body to the ground.

Looking down at his, now former, patient, Hannibal felt a stab of annoyance. He had not intended to do that, but now that he had, there was nothing to do, but to clean up the mess.

'Now what to do with you?' Hannibal said and nudged the corpse with his foot. *Maybe Will wanted some sausages for his dogs?*

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